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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
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1918

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THE SPIRIT
OF
THE MATTERHORN.

BY
LORD QUEENSBERRY.

DEDICATED TO THE PEERS OF SCOTLAND.

London:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
W. MITCHELL, LIBRARY, 33, OLD BOND STREET.
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DEDICATION.

THIS POEM—which was suggested to my mind whilst wandering about Switzerland some years ago—is respectfully inscribed to those Peers who, at the last Election (1880) in Holyrood Palace of the Scottish Representative Peers, deprived me of my seat in the House of Lords. Their rejection was founded on the avowed and acknowledged ground that I had previously expressed opinions in antagonism to the Christian religion; that I had—as was then asserted—publicly denied the existence of God; and that—as LORD LOTHIAN expressed it—I held as a negation all that my brother Peers regarded as most sacred. On that occasion, with the exception of a necessarily brief address to the Peers, no opportunity was afforded me of refuting some of those accusations: the following pages will, I hope and believe, show with what little actual foundation those charges were alleged against me, and will enable a just judgment to be formed respecting the propriety of my rejection as one whose opinions disqualifyed him from sitting among the representatives of this country.

QUEENSBERRY.

“ O ! Thou fair Truth for thee alone we seek,
Friend of the wise, supporter of the weak ;
From thee we learn whate'er is right and just,
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust ;
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And following thee, to follow nought beside.”

CRABBE.

PREFACE.

I HAVE never at any time denied the existence of God, or ventured to express a decided opinion on the matter. In private, I have always objected to give a name, such as God, to a Power which, to me appears undefinable by man, and which I have therefore preferred to speak of as The Inscrutable.

With respect to the allegation brought against me of "holding as a negation all that my brother Peers regard as most sacred," I leave those who may read this poem to judge for themselves whether my sentiments therein expressed do not breathe forth a great hope, and a sincere belief in all that is highest, and therefore most sacred, for the present and the future of mankind, which hope and belief cannot be among those things which my brother Peers consider negations of things sacred.

Believing, as I do, that the settlement of the question regarding the actual nature of what has been called the Soul of man, is of the utmost importance to the future welfare of mankind, it has here been my endeavour to suggest what I believe to be the true solution of the matter —namely, that the so-called Soul is not an essence distinct, and separate from the body, but that it is *the actual result of the body itself*, an emanation of it in fact, as much dependent upon it for its tone and quality, as the sound of

a musical instrument depends upon the excellence and accurate construction of that instrument. For the creation of this in our posterity, we are decidedly responsible, as our forefathers are responsible for that of ourselves. According to the old belief, it was held that the Soul created at birth by the Supreme, is something absolutely distinct in nature from the body; that at death it still retains its individuality, returning to its Creator for weal or for woe; but that man cannot be held in any degree responsible for its constitution. The new belief to which I have referred, maintains that that which is called the Soul is simply the resultant or the effect of the body—and indeed the melody produced by an instrument has always been termed its soul, that its individuality is inseparable from that body, without which it could no more personally exist than could the notes of a violin which had been destroyed by violence. If this is the case, although the hope of a personal and individual hereafter is removed, man, nevertheless becomes responsible, directly responsible, for the souls of his posterity. Given the Soul, as the result or effect of the body, and the future of our posterity is entirely in our own hands, or at any rate we become co-operative with the Inscrutable in reproducing the future of mankind, body and soul. We reproduce our children bodily: if the Soul is the effect of the body, then we certainly reproduce *their Souls as well*, and thus become directly responsible for what those Souls may be, and are.

With increased care and forethought man may greatly improve his race. The transmission of pure blood alone would entail an enormous difference in the future of

mankind, a future the consideration of which to my mind involves the whole importance of settling the question of the nature of the Soul. According to the old theory, we had nothing to do with the Souls of future generations ; that was entirely left to that Power which we mutually agree in calling the Supreme. Upon that unknown Power all responsibility in such matters was laid, and the feeling which prompted this, has found utterance in such expressions as the "hand of God," the "finger of the Almighty is upon him," etc., in which expression I myself do but recognize the clumsy claw of ignorant and primitive man. In all deformity of mind and body the self-evident cause is the infraction of Nature's laws in previous generations. Could we establish the theory, that the Soul is the result or effect of the body, much of all this responsibility would be shifted from the Supreme to man himself, which surely ought to be considered a matter of the highest importance.

With respect to these two antagonistic theories of the nature of the Soul, I will endeavour to illustrate my meaning through the medium of similes, taking the orthodox theory first—namely, that the Soul is something wholly distinct in nature, and essence from the body. No simile could better illustrate my conception of this theory than that of a man inhabiting a house—the Soul being represented by the man, the house by the body. Demolish the body, the Soul flies away into space : demolish the house, and the man is no way affected by it. But if we refrain from going to such extremes, let us merely damage the roof of the house. The man is in no degree affected by it ; let the house suffer ever so much, it will in no way affect him. Why

should it do so? He has no connection with it. Yet this simile truly and accurately represents the orthodox theory of the Soul. The body is its dwelling-place, created at birth for its habitation during life, and to be vacated at death when the Soul becomes independent of it. Is not this the orthodox theory? I think so. Assuredly, if there be a something, which is in its nature beyond or distinct from our earthly bodies—a something which men have called a Soul—it must either be this which I have just portrayed in simile, or that which I now suppose—namely, that the Soul is the effect or the result of the body itself. If not either of these, what else, I ask, can it be?

Let us for a moment, revert to this orthodox theory as illustrated by a man inhabiting a house. Is the Soul as independent of its domicile the body, as the simile shows the man to be of his house? On the contrary, do we not plainly see that it is dependent upon it in every possible way? Demolish the body, shall we say? Well, since no Soul has ever come back to tell us that it has gone on its way rejoicing, we can base no argument upon that.

But damage the body. What is the result if a man receives a violent blow on the head? The consequence is a temporary annihilation of his individuality; *loss of consciousness* is the inevitable result, in which, what is called the Soul, stops like a clock. Now, if this Soul be a separate and distinct vitality from the body, where, in this event has it betaken itself? Why should it be thus affected by the damage done to the body of which it is said not to be a part? If the blow is a severe one, the

man may become an idiot. But what I ask, becomes an idiot if it be not his consciousness, his Soul, that which you term his individuality.

In a letter formally addressed to me in the course of a public discussion, which arose through my having openly expressed my opinions on these matters in Buenos Ayres, South America; my opponent, who styled himself "Icthus," put the following question:—"Individuality in Soul-life implies consciousness; an eternal loss of it is annihilation to your Soul and my Soul, and his Soul."

Granted, I replied, as far as individuality is concerned: but if an eternal loss of consciousness is complete annihilation, certainly a temporary loss of consciousness, as an insensibility through concussion of the brain, is temporary annihilation of the individuality of the Soul.

It follows from this, that my opponent has here acknowledged, perhaps without meaning it, that insensibility after a concussion is temporary annihilation of the individuality of the Soul, for does he not state that "individuality in Soul-life implies consciousness", and in concussion this is, for the time, stopped, arrested, or brought to nothing? But how could an individuality that was in itself immortal, undergo a temporary annihilation? If this were possible, if the Soul-life could have a temporary annihilation, so surely could it have an eternal one. But that which is immortal cannot be destroyed even for a moment. There can be but one answer to this: the individuality is not immortal, and cannot be so. Now this I consider a very strong point indeed. People may say,—You cannot ascertain the

nature of the Soul. Well, in the meantime the orthodox theory has asserted what that nature is, and orthodox believers affirm that through divers revelations they know everything about it. This affirmation I altogether set aside as worthless, because it will by no means accord with the spirit and science of the age. We can see no revelation other than that manifested in the great book of Nature, open alike to all men to study and read, and to which we must therefore look for facts, and what fact can be stronger, or its meaning more evident than this one which we have in a concussion of the brain, which produces insensibility? Nothing short of some Soul returning after death to tell us its experiences could afford stronger proof of the real nature of the Soul than this.

We see for ourselves a temporary stoppage, as I before said like a clock stopping; but if the Soul really possesses a separate individuality from the body, why should it also stop when that body is injured—if it does not stop, where, I ask, is its individuality as represented by consciousness? For the time, nowhere, which is assuredly equal to temporary annihilation.

On the other hand, if the Soul's individuality is the result or effect of the body of course it will stop, *as we see that it does.*

My conception of the nature of the Soul can be best illustrated by the simile of an Aeolian harp, as in opposition to that which I have used with respect to a man inhabiting a house, as an example of the orthodox theory. The harp itself represents the physical frame of man, and which he

reproduces in his posterity, and for which reproduction he is therefore responsible. The wind of heaven is suggestive indeed of the eternal vital force, that which we cannot comprehend, and which appears to be immortal ; and the sound is the effect produced, the *Soul of man*, for which man therefore is alone responsible, for has he not created the instrument itself ? Damage the harp, and you instantly affect the tone of the sound ; remove the sounding-board or break the strings, and the music will cease, precisely as the Soul ceases to manifest its existence in insensibility. If we destroy the instrument altogether the sound will cease altogether, even as the individuality of the Soul is lost at death, which this simile illustrates.

To those who have never themselves been unconscious through concussion of the brain this argument will not perhaps appear of great weight ; but to those who, like myself, have had a severe one, and who have realized what an absolute annihilation of one's individuality it is, the argument cannot, I believe, seem other than a positive proof of the truth of the second of these theories. If there is a Soul at all, it must be in its nature explicable by one of these two hypotheses. When one recognizes how in every way the Soul is affected by the condition of the body —from a blow on the head affecting the brain, down to a fit of indigestion or dyspepsia which alters our whole temperament,—how is it possible for us to continue to uphold this old-world dogma of the nature of the Soul as a distinct and separate essence from the body ? On the other hand, are not the facts which I have cited a positive proof of the truth of the opposite theory,—namely, that the

individuality of the Soul is simply the result or effect of the bodily organization ?

What authority those persons have who uphold the orthodox theory for asserting that the Soul affects the body, I do not understand, seeing that they affirm the Soul to be something entirely distinct in nature from it ; whereas, on the contrary, upon the theory of the Soul resulting from the body it is evident that they—body and Soul—mutually affect one another. Again, may we not argue from analogy, to strengthen the probability of our belief, that it would indeed be strange if man alone in Nature were the exception with respect to the loss of individuality at death, a loss which appears to be universal in all things ? On the other hand we seem also to see that nothing is wholly destroyed or lost in Nature, so that all things appear to be immortal, with the exception of an individuality which is necessarily lost in a change of form. Moreover, the question arises, do we even retain our individuality unchanged during life, so completely do passing years and events affect and alter us ? As to our immortality, I can but speculate on the subject ; but seeing that all things are eternal, and conceiving that the causes of what is called the Soul are the inscrutable vital forces acting through my physical body, I yet have the strongest belief in an immortality in recognizing that those causes are themselves indestructible.

It will be seen from this that those who, like myself, find it impossible to retain a belief in a personal, individual after-life,—as compatible with the theory that the soul is an emanation from or a result of the body,—in no way deny the probability of an immortality. I shall, of course,

be told that this is illusory, a something that is of no avail to hold before mankind, that more than this is desired, and is certainly required by man. My reply is, that as yet there is no absolute certainty, more particularly with respect to man's immortality, although I see no reason why the question in point as to the nature of the Soul should not some day be settled, and perhaps verified by the universal consent of mankind. I hold that it is better to have great hopes for the race of man which appear reasonable, that are every day gaining increased authority, and which I myself believe will, in some future day be conclusively proved from the great book of Nature, to be incontrovertible truth.

I say, it seems better to hold such hopes as these, than to build up castles in the air upon theories which will not bear rational examination, theories which their defenders declare to be truths, although their only authority is the so-called divine revelation, and for which no other proofs can be adduced to satisfy the very proper and natural curiosity of mankind.

What, however, is the great hope which inspires us in endeavouring to establish as a fact, that the Soul is the result of the body, and not, as hitherto supposed, something altogether separate from it—which must be implied when it is asserted, that the Soul can retain its individuality after the collapse of the body? Simply this. Given the Soul as the result of the body—as in my figure of the *Æolian harp*—and we perceive that the responsibility for the future of our race is certainly within our own hands, for we reproduce our posterity, not only in body but in *Soul*. I

know nothing of the Supreme beyond what I see of it as manifested in the works of Nature ; but it is by no means equivalent to a denial of that Power to perceive that the ultimate scheme consists in man's progressive development, and in his working out by himself the happiness and the redemption of his own race, whereas, on the other hand, the old theories and ideas have taught us too much to rely on an external power, and have rendered us blind to the fact that the future of mankind lies entirely in man's own hands. All this I maintain is wholly dependent upon the settlement of the question of the nature of the Soul, and hence the importance which I, in my own mind, attach to it. If, according to the orthodox theory, Souls are things immortal created at birth, (which they cannot be, for immortality is uncreatable and has always been) entirely distinct from our bodies, then we have nothing to do with their creation, and we can in no way be held responsible for the Souls of our posterity. If, on the other hand, the Soul of man is the effect of his body, are we not self-evidently responsible for what those Souls shall be.

In my own mind, I undoubtedly believe, with HERBERT SPENCER, the creative purpose to be the eventual happiness of mankind ; and upon this, and that through the law of adaptation, man must eventually become completely adapted to his surroundings, and, as SPENCER says, so surely must man ultimately become perfect, inasmuch as his happiness would be the spontaneous result of such a condition of things. Happiness—as I here express it—consisting in the due exercise of all man's faculties mental and physical, the greatest happiness would



be, when future generations—perhaps ourselves repeated or the vital force in us repeated in the generations we shall produce,—have inherited healthy, evenly-balanced organizations, breathing forth beautiful and pure Souls, whose faculties would be so balanced that, like the completed and united parts of a great puzzle, they so fitted one with another that the due exercise, and the due exercise only, of all people's faculties, would be the natural result of such a condition of things, whereby each man, perfectly fulfilling his own nature in all things, would be enabled to do so without causing pain or deterring any of his fellow men from obtaining the same privilege, whereby all men and women might be happy.

Is it not abundantly evident that the cause of much of the present pain and unhappiness arises from the suppression of faculties that cannot be exercised ; or from the exorbitant demand upon some faculty that is by no means strong enough to withstand or respond to the strain ; that is to say, people's faculties are not evenly balanced ? Some are in excess, some are deficient [redacted] of a right standard. Even those who, as I look upon it, have inherited the blessing of an organization nearest to the standard of the perfect man may yet have to endure much suffering from this very deficiency or excess in others on whom we are dependent for our greatest happiness. These, if even in fulfilling their own true natures, pain was caused to others, would still act as deterrents from the greatest happiness of the race. Not in vain, indeed, has been the cry for equality, the demand for the state of the perfected, the ideal man, since nothing is more evident than that men

at present are most unequal. In some future, far-distant day, man will in reality attain to an equality of nature, a position at present scarcely dreamt of by those who are loudest in their cry for its realization, but who do not seem to understand that in this age nothing is so evident as the inequality of man.

If the Soul is the effect of the body we are fellow-workers with the Supreme and Inscrutable Power in the reproduction of our future race, and become responsible for the welfare and happiness of that future race. Believing as I do, that all past events have undoubtedly gone to *prove* that the ultimate scheme for this planet is the perfectibility of mankind,—that is to say, man's complete adaptation, socially, morally, and physically, to his surroundings,—I can conceive of no greater or more potent lever to lift mankind in this direction than that man should come to perceive this to be the *truth*, and not only so, but that it is the work he himself in successive generations has to accomplish. What matters it, if through ages false conceptions and erroneous ideas have led him on to the vanquishing of *evil*? It is sufficient that this is being achieved, and that man still rises to a higher conception of what the future of his race shall be.

With the selfish longing after an individual and personal hereafter removed,—as go it must in time, when man comes to his senses, and which removal seems a blessing to those who have accustomed themselves to look it in the face,—what a terrible thing would be this clinging to one's personal individuality all through eternity? With the departure of this baneful delusion will come the only hope

and consolation,—the hopes we bear respecting our posterity, in whom it is quite possible, and I think probable, the life in us shall be revived again and again, until the final state is attained of the perfect mind in the perfect body. Out of our errors and consequent miseries shall those our children—perhaps ourselves repeated,—reap the fruits of our experience,—how much more so from the good to which even we may attain?

The enigma of life shall dwindle into insignificance with the glorious hope before us of the ultimate perfection of mankind, should man come to realize—as I firmly believe he yet will,—that this is his mission here upon this earth! To what aspirations may he not rise? Life and its purposes will no longer seem incomprehensible or an insoluble riddle. Man's religion then would be to live for his posterity, worshipping (that is, serving) his body and his intellect in endeavouring to attain a more perfect existence, and improved condition physically and mentally, for those to come after him. In endeavouring to realize this he would be doing most good to himself *individually*, for to attain this end one should lead the most temperate and virtuous life, which of itself would result in happiness. Live purely and be healthy both in mind and body: this will bring its own reward to yourself and to your posterity.

How much of the truest religion consists in doing good for the sake of good?

THE SPIRIT OF THE MATTERHORN.

I sat beneath thy rocks proud Matterhorn,
And o'er thy rugged cliffs and glaciers bright
A sudden gleam of sunset spread its glow,
Till all thy craigs were bathed in glorious light,
Flooding thy heights in changing crimson hues,
And round thy peaks the freshly fallen snow
Seemed like a bridal veil thrown o'er thy head,
And then the sunset died leaving thee cold,
Stark, grim, and grey in all thy loneliness.
A monument of the eternal hand,
A monument, which, towering to the skies,
Bears witness to the everlasting laws
Of endless life proceeding from decay.
See as the sun fades in the distant sky,
The twilight comes, shedding its soft'ning light,
Till daylight turns, we know not when, to night ;
Another dawn proclaims the birth of day,
And yet proclaims the death of night gone by ;
For naught which death destroys in Nature's scheme,
But bursts afresh in other forms of life,
And thus all life remains eternal still,
For death is life, and life eternity.

Oh ! Spirit of eternal truth divine,
Shed thou thy light upon this soul of mine ;
As now thy twilight softly steals around,
And sheds its soothing influence on thy all,

So let my soul, inspired by thoughts of thee,
 Which ever seeking to unfold thy will,
 Soar upwards from this earth so fair, so bright,
 Too fair, too bright, that evil should be found,
 Where all is formed for perfect man to dwell.
 Thus shall my hope, my one ambition be,
 An instrument, which guided by thy will,
 May to mankind, proclaim his mission here ;
 A rising race in soul and body formed,
 The perfect law in future to obey,
 Thus to perfection's state shall man attain,
 And rising thus from misery shall find
 His happiness, in conquering evil here.

I said,
 And turning on my side, I closed my eyes,
 A slumber deep stole on me unawares,
 Then in my dreams, a Spirit came and stood,
 And with its loving eyes looked yearning into mine,
 And as it gazed, behold my spirit rose
 In rapture thrilling with a perfect love.
 Art thou my love? I said, is this the love
 That I have sought in vain throughout this world?
 Oh! tell me, leave me not, or I shall die,
 A spirit death is worse than death in life,
 And these long years, my spirit has been faint
 For want of thee, who dawns upon my soul.

Then spake the Spirit, and like music fell,
 The sweet notes of her voice upon mine ear,
 I am thy love, for I am part of thee—
 Yet hast thou much to learn; come, would'st thou hear,

The Spirit of great Truth has heard thy cry
 Of anguish, which ascended to that ear,
 Has sent me thus to comfort thee, and guide
 Thy thoughts, to help the future of thy race ;
 We are not what we seem, come join me now,
 And leave thy body lying here awhile,
 This lesson learn of thy identity,
 It is not thine alone, but part of mine,
 And both a part of the eternal all ;
 In answer to thy prayer, allowed to rove
 A short time in its true identity,
 Yet as the raindrops falling from the sky,
 Do mingle in the river and the streams,
 So must thy being blended now with mine,
 Yet lose itself within the mighty all.
 And this may happen when thy body dies,
 So rest awhile, and being purified,
 Return to earth, to fill its mission here,
 Of perfecting man's body for his soul.

While yet she spake, my soul went out to her's,
 One beauteous form, our mingled spirits held ;
 We rose, and left the earth now far behind,
 The peaceful Zermatt valleys lay below—
 The night was calm and still, and all the sky
 Shone in the splendour of a summer's eve,
 The distant peaks, lit by the radiant orbs,
 Stood sharp and clear, as patient sentinels
 Keeping their watch o'er everlasting time.
 The moon shed silver lustres all around,
 Reflecting lights from o'er Mont Cervin's head,
 Upon the snow-clad slopes, where mangled fell,
 The brother that I loved, his earthy frame
 Lies bleaching on thy rocks, oh, Matterhorn !

His gallant spirit freed from earthly cares,
Rose up that day, to find eternal rest.

Not so! the Spirit cried, he must return,
Eternal rest is not for him as yet,
Though peaceful now he dwells, no sordid cares
Of an imperfect frame, doth mar his state.
The happy spirit, which like music swelled
From an Æolian harp ; breathed forth a chord
That thou hast named, the soul of him ye loved,
Which now finds rest, within the boundless soul
That men have called the great Almighty one.
For know, that souls of men, are as the tones,
Wrung from the earthly frames their parents built,
Tuning those tones, in sweetest harmony,
Or making discord as the cruel hap may be
In nature's laws, that have not been observed
By generations that have passed away.
Death sinks all individuality
In the great essence of an eternal power,
As rain-drops lose themselves within the sea,
There find repose : then as those ocean-drops
Drawn heavenwards to the sky, in mist and spray,
Each drop becomes a part of millions more,
Thus ever gaining fresh identity.
So is it with the souls of men themselves,
Component parts of endless other souls,
In death they sleep, until the vital force
Themselves a part from all eternity,
Shall breathe again, through other forms of life,
A new born individuality.
Live here more perfect in their earthly frames,
To build more perfect ones wherein to dwell
Themselves, until perfection's state is reached ;

Perfection of the body and the mind.
 Thus man builds up in his posterity
 The future of himself, within his race
 Lives on the past, his own created self,
 To reconstruct anew his future time.
 Until the glorious age shall come, when man,
 The essence of all past shall breathe again
 One generation ; through a perfect race.
 Thus shal't thou learn, that progress is no chance,
 But the results of an eternal law,
 Obeyed by all the powers of heaven and earth,
 Which govern all this boundless universe.

Then time may come when earth must pass away,
 Melting in fervent heat, to rise anew,
 To form yet other worlds more glorious still
 Beyond conception, in their loveliness.
 And shall these germs of life refined like gold,
 In furnaces of bitter sorrow here,
 Be lost for ever in eternal time ?
 Nay, rather ; from the essence of the all,
 'Twill issue forth, to blossom yet again,
 Till all these worlds, with one triumphant shout,
 Shall echo forth one chord in harmony.
 But this is naught to man, learn thou his task,
 All fellow workers, with the great Divine
 All atoms of that one identity.
 Mankind, thus striving to attain this will,
 Must lose faith in this personality ;
 Must learn to know that when this mortal frame
 Returns to dust, his being does not die,
 Yet is no more his individual self,
 But part of an eternal endless force
 Merged in the ocean of the mighty all.

And having conquered thus his selfishness,
 His hopes shall centre in his future race,
 To raise mankind from what it is to God's.
 Oh, faith ! which yet shall consolation bring
 To all the races of this teeming earth ;
 Oh happier age, when man, united thus
 Within the bonds of this eternal truth,
 Shall conquer all that now makes him despair,
 And ring the knell of war, disease, and crime !

Go thou, and to thy struggling race proclaim
 These thoughts, the product of a ripening age,
 Which, watered through the bitter tears of time,
 Assures the golden harvest yet to come.
 And this shall bring thee peace, soothing thy mind,
 While giving thee a noble task to do.
 For oh ! my soul has grieved sore that thou
 Should'st writhe in anguish for thy parents' sins,
 Yet see thy pain has brought thee this great thought,
 And thus thy loss of peacefulness is gain,
 Which yet its fruit of happiness shall bear
 Towards the welfare of thy brother man ;
 A unit of that force to work the will—
 The will of it, the great Inscrutable.
 Thus shalt thou learn that all that is, is good,
 And evil but a phrase to give a name
 For what is not adapted to thy sphere—
 An empty sound, like Satan of the brain,
 A false conception, yet accountable,
 Like other evil thoughts, to work for good.
 So man must worship, what's in man divine,
 To nurse with gentle care, to cultivate
 Perfection's germ, which partly dwells in all ;
 Worship his body, and his intellect,

And thus the blessing to his race bequeath
 Of vigorous frames with healthy minds endowed.
 And he, while striving to attain this end,
 Shall find a rule of conduct for this life
 For that which leads him nearest to this goal,
 Shall be the moral of the perfect law.
 Thus, ever rising to a better state,
 Mankind at last shall reach to happiness.
 Yet ages must unfold before this boon
 Of perfect bodies can ascend from earth,
 Which, mingling with the essence of all life,
 Creates the angel in the God-like man.
 See now the tainted stream that runs through all,
 Dark with the stains of broken Nature's laws.
 Fear not to trust thy sense ; all ugliness,
 The sign of Nature's laws not understood,
 Is yet redeemed by germs of loveliness —
 Loveliness the stamp imperishable,
 And certain proofs of Nature's laws obeyed,
 Which generations have inherited.

Go, tell mankind, see that thy blood be pure,
 And visit not thy sins upon thy race ;
 Curse not thy future age with poisoned blood,
 For cursing, it shall curse thee back again.
 And in that distant age, when selfishness,
 The lingering remnant of man's savage state,
 Has been subdued and kept within control
 By true religion of humanity,
 I can foretell the time when all may claim
 With equal right to reproduce their kind.
 Alas, 'tis not so now ; for there are they
 Who, either from hereditary sin,
 Or from the sin they have themselves entailed,
 Possess no right to be progenitors.

Oh, love ! thou guiding star, that through the past
 Hath led mankind upon his onward march,
 Alas, that still thou should'st be bought and sold
 By those who prostitute thy sacred name.
 Let her that sells her love for aught but love,
 Or he who buys what should be freely given,
 Know that they bring a curse upon their race,
 While ages must unroll with misery
 Before their hateful deed can be undone.

Oh, perfect love ! which has been sought in vain,
 Sought in all ages, yet been found in none ;
 Thy sun in future time shall bless this earth,
 When man shall ripen 'neath thy warming rays ;
 So shall the glorious harvest come at last,
 And perfect souls harmoniously combine.
 Poor soul, who has so bitterly repined,
 That this true love could not be found by thee,
 Know thou hast sought impossibilities ;
 For all the love that now exists on earth,
 Appreciation of the beautiful,
 Finds nothing beautiful without some flaw,
 And naught imperfect can give perfect love.
 To strike the chords of kindred sympathies,
 Ideal man alone can love like this,
 Yet shalt thou reach to thy ideal state
 Of loving, and being loved by mine,
 Enshrined alike in glorious earthly forms,
 The germs of life within the perfect man.

Thus shall mankind adapt himself to earth,
 And so fulfil the programme of all time ;
 For ages have unrolled to shape this sphere

From what it was, a seething mass of flame,
 Where naught which breathed the vital spark could dwell,
 To what it is, a very paradise,
 Where all is happy but vitality.

See now the endless beauty of thy sphere,
 Lit by the myriad worlds that shine around,
 Returning back in love its sympathy,
 To cheer them on their paths eternal time.
 See all its mountains, valleys, lakes and streams,
 Its ice-bound regions and its tropic climes,
 Its seas and rivers, and its sunny isles,
 Its peaks of snow which tower up to the skies,
 Its beds of pearls, beneath the glowing waves,
 Its trees, its foliage everlasting green,
 Its birds, its flowers, and e'en these glacier's bright,
 Where'er you turn, whatever meets thy gaze,
 All bear the stamp of outward growth divine,
 All fellow workers in the godlike scheme,
 Alike in universal song proclaims
 The plan of its divine original,
 A habitation fit for perfect man.
 And seeing thus, that time which ne'er began
 Progressively, has made thy universe
 From all that is called evil, there below,
 To be this very gem of loveliness ;
 Have faith to trust the welfare of thy race
 To that inscrutable eternal power,
 Who, as the plan unfolds, proclaims to man,
 Himself included in perfection's scheme.

Yet know thy soul has lived on earth before,
 Aye, many times in ages long gone by,

Could'st thou but realize the misery,
 Summed up in all thy pilgrimages here,
 Thy spirit had been mad with agony ;
 Yet thou hast had thy happiness as well,
 And tasted many joys that life affords,
 For thou hast lived existencies of joy ;
 When all was peaceful, as this summer night,
 And yet, maybe thy happiest time was when
 Blessed with a giant frame, and savage strength,
 Free as the untamed beast, thou roam'st the earth.
 Thy soul the germ of what it was to be,
 And undeveloped by the thoughts of time,
 Lay almost dormant, in its mighty frame,
 Which revelled in its joyfulness of life.
 No tainted stream of vice, disease, or crime
 Flowed in the blood thou had'st inherited !
 Thy progeny, a glory to thine eye,
 Were all thou could'st desire in lustiness.
 But with the increase of thy race there came
 The need of social states to guide thy paths ;
 The ignorance of man broke nature's laws,
 And consequently came disease and sin.
 And thus the body waned, alas that such
 Should be the will of the eternal power,
 But as the body waned, the spirit grew ;
 Tried in the fire of deep affliction sore,
 And thus through pain, man still made progress here,
 Until like thee, poor mortals live on earth,
 Unlike the savage in his wilderness,
 In all the glory of primeval man—
 With mighty souls enshrined in bodies frail,
 Whose father's sins lie on them like a curse,
 Dark flows the blood impure within their veins,
 To scourge their children with their father's sins.

Behold their sickly frames and stunted growth,
 Their pallid cheeks and eyes—that should be bright—
 Already show a weariness of life.
 Alas ! that such a cruel wrong should be,
 Of sins upon the children visited,
 And shall these grow to be progenitors
 Of other souls, more burdened than themselves,
 With feeble bodies of impurity.
 Ye gods, forbid it ! yet 'twill surely be,
 See to the mothers, whose perverted breasts
 Can give no milk, and yet to save her child,
 Must rob another of the precious gift ;
 What right has she to bear a child at all,
 While thus a grievous wrong she multiplies.

Go tell to man would he redeem his race
 To happiness, the goal of all mankind,
 Must teach of his neglected body here,
 No longer thus subservient to his soul ;
 Tell him that all is false, false as the hell,
 Which his religions heretofore have taught,
 That teaching him his body to despise,
 So set his soul before that body here,
 And his religion thus must be dispelled.
 A superstition of a bygone day,
 By truth, which ever cleaves its way to light,
 Dispersing mists of ignorance and gloom ;
 Yet shall a brighter happier faith arise
 From out the false conceptions of the past,
 To take the place of all the worn out creeds.
 The last green shoot, an outgrowth of the tree,
 Implanted deep within the heart of man,
 The tree of knowledge, and the tree of truth ;
 So on the dawn of happier days to come,

Bright shines the promise of this rising sun,
A true and noble faith—humanity.

Alas, mankind : my soul has wept for thee,
For thou hast misery sore to undergo,
And madness yet must bring its antidote,
When thus the mind outgrows the body here.
But yet this antidote has come to teach
The soul and body, equal to revere,
For perfect souls alone can dwell in shrines,
Of bodies in perfection here below ;
A mighty soul in a degraded frame
May come to be a very fiend himself.
Alas poor soul, condemned this time to dwell,
To suffer, to redeem our bodies here,
His time thus spent, shall be a martyrdom ;
Yet shall it bear its fruits, for future times,
In wringing thoughts of anguish from his soul,
To serve the future of his coming race.
The Devil, himself it is a dream of earth,
A nightmare of the agony of soul,
To answer for the horror of this wrong
Bequeathed by man to man in ignorance,
And thus the star of hope, perfection's state
Of man more blessed in our future race,
Is ever rising clear, while sunset comes
Of individuality of soul,
Of personality in future life,
Delusive visions of man's faulty brain,
A sweet illusion that must be dispelled,
To give place to the nobler thought divine
Of man immortal in perfections all.

So go thy way, my task is now fulfilled,
A blessing will I breathe upon thy soul,

Which breathe thou back in blessings on thy race.
 Seek thou to find the good there is in man—
 That germ of good which dwells in every soul ;
 Be tolerant of the evil that is found,
 Know that it is the instrument by which
 The eternal power has shaped thy universe ;
 And so be hopeful, and let not despair
 Enter thy soul for all the ill that is.
 Learn thou the insignificance of life—
 A single day within eternity,
 A grain of sand upon the golden shore,
 A drop within the ocean of all time—
 How small is individuality,
 How great the individuals combined,
 Which men in striving to define a God
 Have shaped within the form of perfect man.

So go, and fear no truths that can be spoke.
 Thy thoughts which uppermost within thy soul
 Are ever striving to express themselves,
 Are not thine own to keep, but are the fruits
 Of generations that have long gone by,
 And units of the eternal power
 Which yet shall make mankind a perfect race.
 While yet she spake, I woke ; it was a dream ;
 And yet a dream I'd fain believe was true,
 For ever since that night her Soul divine
 Has hovered o'er my path ; and in my dreams
 Her presence sweet oft comes to comfort me.
 And so I turned, leaving the Matterhorn,
 To seek the Zermatt valleys far below.

ZERMATT,
June 10th, 1876.

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The spirit of the Matterhorn.

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